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AMERICAN ART JOURNAL.

A WEEKLY RECORD OF MUSIC, ART, AND LITERATURE.

HENRY C. WATSON Editor.

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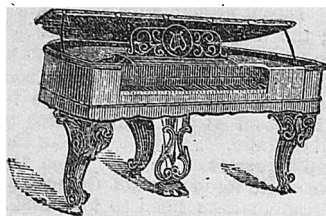
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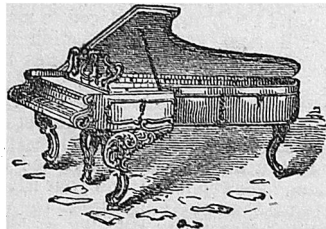
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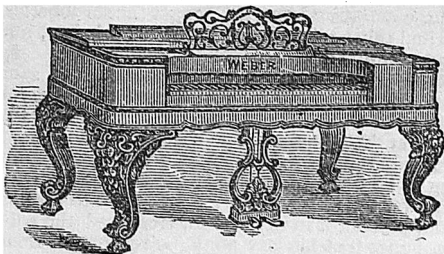
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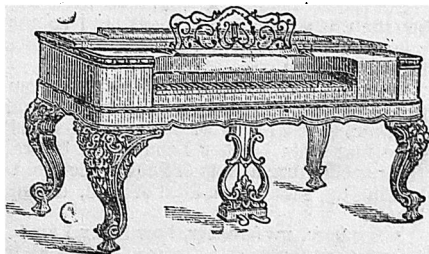
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THE TWO BROTHERS.

An Artist's Story.

CHAPTER XV.

The subject matter of this last chapter is gathered entirely from Boyno's own words; after his recovery from brain fever, I was for some time constantly with him, and at various opportunities he imparted to me by short and broken episodes the story of his former life. As his information was given in so fragmentary and abrupt a manner, I have thrown it into the form of a narrative, hoping, by that means, to give the reader a shorter and clearer account than they could have gleaned from his *verbatim* revelations.

In the spring of 1832 two Polish gentlemen, young, well-born and brave, came to Rome; they were brothers, and, with many points of resemblance both in mind and person, were yet essentially dissimilar. Leon Chojnacki, the elder of the two, was dark and handsome, with a tall supple figure, and had the cunning of a tiger and the courage of a lion; his chief pleasures consisted in wild exciting sports and in fighting (for both were soldiers); yet, he had some good qualities, and, with a certain sort of chivalric sense of honor and generosity, possessed also a bold, democratic spirit, that would easily dazzle, if it could not command, a people in revolt. Adam, the younger brother, was slighter in person, though tall and finely-formed, and had a face of more refined expression and lighter complexion

than Leon; his character differed no less; equally brave, he was less of a dare-devil and more of a civilian; his tastes were more peaceful and sedentary, his habits less irregular and reckless. No wonder the two brothers never agreed, except in one thing—this was a bitter hatred of despotism and a wild desire to shake it off and be free. Both had taken part in the revolution, and both, after many hardships and difficulties, arrived at Rome as I have before said, in the spring of 1832. They were poor, but Leon gained great sums of money by gambling, and Adam, whose habits were simple and penurious, spent his time in palating, music, &c., for which he had some taste.

It happened, that after the course of some months Adam became aware of a great change having taken place in the conduct and manners of his brother Leon. He gambled no less, but he gave up in great part his loose companions, or at least appeared to do so; his dress became more *soigné*, he affected greater polish and gentleness of manner. He was in love.

There was at that time in Rome an Italian nobleman of the old family of Castalio, who, ruined in fortune and character, frequented the gambling table which had so increased the funds of Leon Chojnacki; and the two men became great friends. Castalio was about fifty, of luxurious habits, and no morals to speak of; the sole aim and religion of his life was money and pleasure. He could not do without his wine; he could not turn his hand to an honest trade. No wonder that he and the elder Chojnacki soon got leagued together in a system of underhand machinations, in which false play and every species of gambling manoeuvre were the moving springs. For some time both were very successful; Chojnacki, however, won the most at all times; and, though a certain part of the spoils were equally divided, his purse was always full to overflowing, which awakened the envy of his colleague. He soon, however, found means to obtain complete power over him. One day as Leon accompanied the intoxicated count home late at night, a young girl, with dark sorrowful eyes, and pale, passionate, beautiful face, stood on the balustrade. At the sight of her father she rushed up to Chojnacki, and exclaimed, with clasped hands and streaming eyes:

"How kind, how good of you, to have brought him from that place—may all the saints bless you and reward you."

Her words went like an arrow to his heart; and, after that day, the image of the young Italian was ever with him. For the first time he felt a secret horror at his degraded life, and, for the first time, something like repentance. A burning desire possessed him to go again to the palazzo, and, after some days of surly persistence in the old routine, he could bear it no longer. He went several succeeding days, and each time saw the enthusiastic and grateful Olympia; who, far from always being the pale, sorrowful girl that he had first seen, developed, on further acquaintance, into an arch, coquettish little beauty—one moment bewildering him with a smile of fair promise, at another flying sprite-like at his approach.

This sort of courtship, though it entangled Chojnacki more and more, did not satisfy him, for he was a restless, impatient lover; and one morning when the count grumbled at his partner's superior luck, he threw the bag of money to him, saying—

"All this you shall have, and as much more as you like, if you will give me your daughter in marriage."

Chojnacki had outwitted himself in his impatience, for the old count, seeing that he was really in earnest, seized the opportunity of getting him into his power. He, therefore, beat about the bush, affected an extreme of parental fondness, urged his daughter's youth, &c., but finished by half promising him her hand ultimately. It may be supposed that Chojnacki's fiery nature chafed at the delay, but being equally cunning in turn, he pretended to be quite satis-

fied with this arrangement, merely asking to be allowed to continue his visits at the palazzo. The other consented; and now Chojnacki, whilst endeavoring by every means in his power to fascinate the young Olympia, pursued at the same time his deep-laid policy of entrapping her father. Meantime another obstacle had arisen which he little guessed of. He little guessed that the same fair face for which he was hazarding and striving so much, had become the star and idolatry of his brother Adam's quiet life. It has been seen that he spent his time in dreamy art-studies and *bagatelles*; and whilst sketching a column of the church of St. Agnes, his eyes had been first attracted by Olympia as she passed in to pay her devotions. It was easy for him to find out her name and residence, and a very few evenings afterwards—when Leon would be busily engaged at play—when the lake by the old palace was still and dark in the twilight, he swam across, and, concealing himself amongst the shrubberies, waited till the light appeared in her window, and then chanted a plaintive and passionate love-song to the accompaniment of his guitar. He sang well, for his taste was exquisite and his voice full and rich. Olympia idolized music, and it was natural that she should be flattered by so chivalric and ardent a lover. Consequently, one evening as he played, the window was thrown up and a flower fell at his feet. He pressed it to his lips, and, placing it in his bosom, treasured the wildest hopes that his love might be returned. Some days passed, and one evening Olympia found a letter on her bedroom floor, which had been tied to a pebble and thrown in. On opening it she discovered her withered flower and the following words:

"By this token, and by the depth and passionateness of my love, I take courage to address you. May I speak to you—may I see you, if only for one minute? I am near—within hearing."

It must be remembered that Olympia was motherless—an orphan I might almost say—and but seventeen. What wonder that a joyful, triumphant sensation thrilled her frame, and that she stood breathless, glowing, irresolute, with the love-letter in her hand? What wonder that she drew her scarf around her shoulders and descended into the garden?

And she was not disappointed in her lover. She found him courtly, handsome, winning; she found him to be refined in mind and polished in manner; therefore she consented to his entreaties that he might come again, and they had many meetings.

Did she love him? It would be hard to say; but she was so young, so lovely, and so inexperienced, that we can pardon her if she deceived herself and him also.

One evening, when Adam returned from the palace garden, his face radiant with happiness, his heart beating high with hopefulness and love—he found his brother Leon home before him. He was counting a heap of gold at the table, and, looking up, said with a kind of wild, triumphant laugh:

"See here, my brother, how lucky I am! This buys for me the brightest pair of eyes in all Rome. To-morrow, if you like, I will introduce you to my bride."

"And pray—who may she be?" asked Adam, carelessly, for, as I have before said, there was little intercourse of ideas and little sympathetic feeling between the two.

"As high-born and lovely a lady as prince might be proud to woo; well, your curiosity shall be gratified. I am going to marry Olympia di Castalio, the grand-daughter of a ducal prince, and the most beautiful girl in Rome."

Adam made no reply, but he turned sick and faint from intense mental agony, and with difficulty prevented himself from fainting. Too absorbed in his own thoughts and occupation to notice his brother's sudden agitation, Leon continued counting out the gold pieces in little heaps, and, after a few moments, added in a whisper:

"Hist, brother Adam, come and sit down

whilst I tell you a secret. If you go with me to see my lady-love, you must play my cards—do you understand. Know, then, that the count, her father, though poor as a saint is proud as the devil, and I have exerted no common cleverness to get round him. For this purpose I have dropped my name of Chojnacki, and am instead Count Leon Kalinski, with large estates in Galicia, which I shall get back when—the devil knows. But what matters a harmless lie of that sort? Besides, it is only half a lie, after all, for it is proved that our cousin Max is dead I shall be Count Kalinski at once; and if we have luck, and—"

Here he stepped up to his brother and whispered hoarsely—

"If we have luck and can hunt the damnable despots from our country, why we shall all have estates in plenty. But you have not heard all my story yet. The count is involved in terrific difficulties of debt; if somebody doesn't help him, or something fall down from heaven in the shape of money, he must either shoot himself or go to prison. I want his daughter and I show him this money; the bargain is done at once."

Adam could endure no more. Muttering some incoherent words in reply, he rushed down stairs, and, bareheaded as one gone mad from fright, he set off at his swiftest pace to the Palazzo di Castalio. Swimming across the lake, in less than a quarter of an hour from the time he had started he stood beneath Olympia's window, pale, dripping from head to foot, and shivering from utter exhaustion and suspense. All was silence and darkness at the place, and not till he had several times thrown up his handkerchief against the window-panes, called her name and sang falteringly a verse of her most favorite song, did he succeed in making his presence known. At length the casement was partly opened, and the well-known gentle voice whispered his name.

The sound of that voice called up all the passion and recklessness of the Chojnacki blood. Springing lightly on the basement of the jutting oriel below, he succeeded in planting one foot in the irregular brickwork that ran above it, and at the imminent risk of breaking his neck vaulted over into the balcony of his mistress's room. The memory of that interview will remain with Adam Chojnacki to his dying day. Kneeling at Olympia's feet, her glorious hair falling around his neck, her little hands clasped within his own, he poured out all his tale of passion and despair. The revelation of her father's design came like a sudden blow to the unsuspecting girl, but she did not despair.

"I do not love your brother," she said, resolutely, "and I will not be induced to marry him. My father has no sufficient affection for me to consult my happiness, what right has he to expect my obedience?"

He pressed her to give him a word of promise for the future, or a pledge that she returned his love; but this she refused to do.

"You are a kind, a dear and valued friend to me, Adam," she replied, "and your friendship is dearer to me than anything else in the world. I cannot think of marriage yet; but we have youth and Italy, and love and music—is not that enough?"

She wound her white hands around his neck, she pressed a kiss upon his burning brow, she called him her dear friend and protector, she promised to do nothing without his counsel; and so they parted—never, never to meet again.

The next morning, when the count announced to Olympia that she must prepare to receive Count Leon Kalinski as her lover, she openly declared her refusal to comply with his wishes.

"The day is gone," she said, "when a father's will is law; and rather than be compelled to marry a man I do not love, I would die by my own hand or enter a convent. How can you expect me to love or honor you—you, who would basely sell me to a gambler for gold? I will work for you, I will live on bread and water, I will sell my mother's jewels and my wardrobe even, to help to liquidate your debts; but marry this Kalinski,

who is almost a stranger to me, and whom I feel that I cannot love—I cannot, and, moreover, I will not do."

Some show of resistance on his daughter's part the count had expected, but this determined and spirited defiance dumb-founded him, averted him; for, like most bad men, he was a great coward, and he went from her presence crest-fallen and perplexed. One thing he was utterly at a loss to comprehend—how had Olympia obtained a knowledge of his money dealings with Chojnacki? He spent some hours pacing backwards and forwards in his room, chafing with rage and at intervals muttering angry threats against Olympia and the unknown friend who had let her into his secret. Night, as usual, found him on his way to his old haunts; but he had hardly set foot outside the palace gates when a note from Chojnacki was put into his hand, to the following effect:

"If you value your neck, don't show yourself in the streets to-night, and make the best of your way out of Rome at the break of day. Our devils have got wind, and if we are caught 'twill be still work. Your safety is as necessary as my own, and mine is as necessary to yourself; so be careful. Shut your mouth, put your money away (if you have any), and go north. Let your daughter follow; and when the affair is blown over we can return to Rome, and she shall live like a princess. Meet me at Ivrea, or thereabouts."

I must hasten to the conclusion of this narrative. That same night Castalio and Chojnacki left Rome by different routes, and Olympia was left under the charge of an old servant; but dimly comprehending the cause of her father's sudden departure, she was too glad at being freed from his threats and importunities to be unhappy in his absence. She should see her generous, accomplished lover; they would have happy, happy hours over books, and music and drawing; he would teach her to sing and to paint. Ah! what a blessed interval of peace and pleasantness was in prospect before her.

But that interval never came. Night passed away, and she watched in vain for that form that was wont to cross the lake and hasten over the turf towards her window. Day broke and no low-toned passionate songs were poured out beneath the oriel; no handkerchiefs were thrown against the glass-pane; no voice murmured "*Angiola mia!*" and, though she waited and watched for days, and weeks and months, with loosened hair at the casement, pale, trembling and fearful—Adam never came again.

It is difficult to discover the first susceptor and the first breather of a suspicion where a crime affects great numbers, and is one in which many who have been the losers have also been the participants. One thing, however, is certain, that Adam Chojnacki was entirely innocent alike of his brother's underhand dealings and of his sudden downfall—for it was a downfall at once from power and wealth and conspicuous superiority of cunning, to hatred and beggary and mortification. All who had hitherto feared him at the first stone thrown were ready a.s., and revelations were made that startled even the most suspicious, for none knew with what skill he had played.

Adam had been no less duped, and it was with no small degree of horror and amazement that, towards evening, as he prepared to set forth to the palace, he saw armed men enter the apartment and heard the crimes of which his brother was accused. Passionate and hot-blooded always, he flatly denied the charge. He was answered only by smiles of sinister meaning and by one of the officers locking the door, quietly pocketing the key, whilst two others proceeded to search the room. Heaps of silver money were found, with banknotes, letters of credit and betting-books stowed away in different places; for, in the hurry of flight, Chojnacki had only thought of his own safety and the available gold he had about him. One old escritoire, marked with Adam's name, was found under the bed, and in it were some foreign notes and Napoleons. From that moment Adam's fate was sealed. Why had

he openly denied his brother's crime? How could he be ignorant of proceedings which brought money and papers so suspiciously under his very nose? How could he help knowing the whole secret, and did not the money in his escritoire clearly tell his participation in it?

Had Adam taken the matter quietly, there is little doubt that his innocence would have been very soon established; but it was not in his nature tamely to submit to so gross an injustice, and he resisted the officers so fiercely, that he received a severe wound in the arm, and was carried to prison faint, bleeding and raging inwardly like a baffled lion.

Left to solitude, one thought alone took possession of his mind, and seethed and burned with such a demoniac conviction that it well nigh drove him mad. His passion for Olympia had been discovered; she was the victim of a foul plot concerted by Leon. Some base story concerning him would be fabricated to her, and by force of threats and persuasion, she would be induced to marry him—his brother—his enemy.

No tale of human suffering has ever equalled this episode of his life as reported to me by Adam Chojnacki. Barred out from light and air and all communication with the outer world, sick and despairing at heart, tortured and fevered in body, confined for the crime of resisting a false charge, or (for he hardly knew which) the sin of another; separated by so deep a gulf from the woman he wildly idolized, and feeling that the one for whom he suffered unjustly was enjoying the same air and light and liberty beside her—her by whom he believed himself beloved—what wonder that he grew mad?

He told me that, all through his temporary insanity, he imagined himself to be in hell, and saw ever and ever before him a black lake, beyond which rose a fair shore, and there walked Olympia, white-robed, beautiful and spiritualized, beckoning to him day and night, but in vain. Sometimes demons held him back; sometimes he was bound by heavy chains, which clanked and clanked till all hell echoed back the noise; sometimes he felt that he was dead. When he recovered—for his madness lasted some months after his liberation—he found himself in a fisherman's hut on the southern coast of France, where he had been carefully tended for several weeks. The simple, religious lives of the poor people touched him; the first devotional feeling of many years arose to his heart, and out of a rocky stone that overlooks the sea he carved a cross, and inscribed on it—"Out of gratitude to God for recovery from madness, Adam Chojnacki vows eternal peace to his enemies."

He returned, however, to Rome under a disguised name, but to find the Palazzo di Castalio sold to unknown owners, and Olympia, Leon, the old count gone no one knew whither. Then followed the life that I have described in my former pages—a life of constant change and constant unhappiness. I must now give, in a very few words, the subsequent history of other actors in this story. Olympia—oh, generous, beautiful friend! with what emotions I write your name! young, friendless and enthusiastic—she could no longer brook her dreary solitude. Unhappy at her lover's strange disappearance, filled with fears for the future, and burning for a life of action and independence, under the protection of a faithful servant she made her way to England. Passionately attached to music, and gifted in no ordinary degree, it is not surprising that she soon obtained reputation and wealth. Her after career has been already laid before the reader.

When Leon Chojnacki and Count Castalio met, it is easy to imagine that Chojnacki's first suspicions as to Olympia's informer should be his brother. Who else knew of their mutual bargain? or who else that knew could tell her? A hundred trifles helped to confirm this thought. He now remembered Adam's strange silence at the news of his projected marriage—his strange pallor, and his sudden absence. He also remembered that Adam had been in the habit of absenting himself every night, and that sometimes his outer

coat had been dripping wet on his return. He had swum the lake to avoid detection by going round the public entrance. Black apprehensions filled Leon's mind—who else should be the informer as to his secret dealings?—who else should have set afloat the stories which had well nigh brought him to infamy and imprisonment? Who else but Adam? and for his own peculiar purposes. A deep hatred filled the brother's heart, and the more so, because he dared not go to Rome to claim his bride and win his game yet. Then Castalio received news of his daughter's flight and at the same time he was informed of Adam's seizure and release. His release was merely officially announced; for at that time, Adam, though not suffering the penalty of the law, was too violent to be set free, and he was removed from the prison to an adjoining building designed for the use of sick and insane criminals.

Chojnacki immediately set out for England on his search, and, as we have seen, neither his search nor his hatred abated through ten long years. Once or twice he found trace, or fancied he found trace of Adam; but of her, never.

After three years, more celebrated and rich, Olympia came to Florence; and, having discovered that her father was in great want and misery at Genoa, lost no time in sending him money sufficient for all his wants. Once she saw him, but the interview left so terrible an impression on her mind, that she never brought herself to resolve upon seeing him again. Nor did he wish it. Degraded by every kind of dissipation and vice, there was no room in his nature for a pure and holy affection; and, though he received her money greedily, he gave no show of love in return. It was in that interview that she learned of the hatred of the two brothers Chojnacki, of which she was the innocent cause; and this knowledge led her, several years afterwards, to confide to me the sealed paper containing the secret of her flight and of their error. The count died at Genoa a few months after his last interview with Olympia; and a plain marble in St. Peter's church records his name, with these words—

PRAY FOR ME.

Reader, if an artist has stepped somewhat out of his place by using his pen and not his pencil to bring himself before the public, or if his pen pleases you less than his pencil may some times have done, forgive me, and come to my studio, where I have yet some pictured chronicles of this story of my life. Alice will give you kindly welcome. Till then, adieu.

THE END.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

CORREGGIO AND GIORGIONE, AND THEIR SCHOLARS.

While the great painters of the Florentine school, with Michael Angelo at their head, were carrying out the principle of *form*, and those of Rome—the followers and imitators of Raphael—were carrying out the principle of *expression*;—and the first school deviating into exaggeration, and the latter degenerating into mannerism—there arose in the north of Italy two extraordinary and original men, who, guided by their own individual genius and temperament, took up different principles, and worked them out to perfection. One revelling in the illusions of *chiaroscuro*, so that to him all nature appeared clothed in a soft transparent veil of lights and shadows; the other delighting in the luxurious depth of tints, and beholding all nature steeped in the glow of an Italian sunset. They chose each their world, and "drew after them a third part of heaven."